

4006

## The *Kentish* WONDER; Or, The Wonder of Kent.

Being a strange but true Account of one Mary Stone, a young woman of a very virtuous life and conversation, about 20 years of age, the only daughter of John Stone, an eminent farmer in the parish of Yalden, in the county of Kent. Giving a particular account after she had lain sick of a violent fever and ague from Sunday Aug. the 7th to Sunday Sept. the 22d last, which was 7 weeks, that every body concluded her to be dead. Also a particular Account how she lay in a trance three days and three nights, and on the fourth night, when all things were in readiness for her funeral, her tender mother having a desire to kiss her before she was nailed up; she, to the great amazement of above 30 persons there present, rose up in her coffin and came to herself, declaring what strange and wonderful things she had seen in her trance, concerning this great and mortal sickness which is now all over England, and when it will be at an end, Likewise what will happen to England for 15 months to come. Also a sermon preached upon that occasion by the reverend and learned Dr. Cook, who attended her during her illness.

*Likewise several Godly PRAYERS, to be used in Time of Sickness.*

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### *The Kentish W. ONDER.*

**M**ARY STONE, the only daughter of John Stone, a very eminent farmer in the parish of Yalden, in the County of Kent, was on Sunday the 7th of August last, taken very ill of a violent Fever and Ague, lying in a very languishing condition till the 22d of September at night; and then, to the thinking of the reverend minister and doctors of physic, and all her relations, she was dead, to the great grief of her tender father and mother. They kept her three days and three nights before they intended to bury her; and on the fourth night, when all things were in readiness for her funeral, her tender mother had a great desire to kiss her before she was nailed up in her coffin; but as her mother kissed her cold lips, she of a sudden started up in her coffin, to the great amazement of her father and mother, and thirty persons of both sexes who were there present, in order to go to her burial; and she

said to her mother. I am very cold: and presently she was set by the fire till a bed was made very hot to put her into, and the next morning she was very well in health, and arose and dressed herself, and sent for the learned Dr. Cook, Minister of the said parish, who attended her during her illness, and likewise his curate, to whom she gave a true account of what she had seen during the time she lay in the trance, which is as follows.

When my Spirit wandered from my body, I met with a man all in white raiment, which proved my guide; and he said, Follow me, and no harm shall come unto you; and so I followed him. We first walked along very pleasant green fields, where was a great many Spirits wandering to and fro, some of whom I knew when alive; and there we walked a day or more. From that place we came in sight of the dismallest place sure that ever was, where I heard the most dismal cries and groans, and smelt the most nauseous stink of fire and brimstone, that no tongue can express the dismal cries of the one, and the nauseous smell of the other, which put me in a great fright: my guide bid me not be dismayed, for no harm should come unto me. I asked him what dismal place that was? He said unto me, that is the place called HELL, which the wicked are sent to after death, as the scripture saith, Mat.

25, 4. *Depart from me ye cursed of my father into everlasting fire, prepared for the Devil and his Angels.* From thence we went to the right hand a day or two more, where I came to a place, the most glorious to my sight that was ever of eyes beheld; the walls to my sight were pure glittering beaten gold, and I heard the most ravishing melodious music, which no tongue can express the sweetness of. This place, says my guide, is the celestial Jerusalem, where dwells the Holy of Holies, a place prepared of everlasting rest and happiness for those that live a godly life, as the Scripture saith, *Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world,* Matt. 25, 34. I asked of my guide and comforter if I should enter into that most glorious place; and he said, No, not then, for I must go from whence I came. I asked him concerning the great and mortal sickness, which now is so fatal in England. He said it would be pretty well over in three months, and that this Year would be a plentiful year; and the greatest part of it very healthful. He bid me lead a sober godly life, and in five and twenty years I should come to that celestial place. He bid me exhort all Christian people to repent of their sins, and lead a godly life, and the sickness would soon abate among them; and that, within these three months, grim Death with his cruel dart would sweep away a great many of this land.



I had no sooner done talking with him, but found myself, to my great amazement, in my coffin, with all my friends about me, in order to go to my burial.

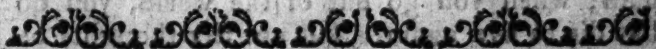
This is a true account, given by me to Dr. John Cook, Minister, and the Rev. William Davis, Curate.

MARY STONE.

The truth of this book is attested by us whose names are written.

John and Mary Stone, father and mother of the abovesaid Mary Stone. Rev. William Davis, Curate. John Cook, Doctor of the same parish, who preached an excellent sermon on the same occasion, and took his text out of Joel, chap. 2. verse 28.

*And it shall come to pass afterwards, that I will pour out my spirit on all flesh; and your sons and your daughters shall prophesy, your old men shall dream dreams, and your young men shall see visions.*



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The SERMON, preached the Sunday following by the Rev. Mr. Cook, Minister of the Parish.

PSAL. 83, 48. *What man is he that liveth and shall not see death.*

OUT of the dust was man framed, and unto the dust shall man return; *It is appointed for all men once to die*, Heb. 9, 27. Death to the wicked is the end of all comfort, and the beginning of all misery; but death to the godly is a happy discharge and freedom from sin and sorrow, and the only inlet to peace and happiness. The saint's enjoyments shall be incomparable, when the sinner's torments shall be insupportable. When a saint leaves the world his flesh returns to dust, and his spirit returns to rest: When a sinner leaves the world, his body goes to worms to be consumed, and his soul into flames to be tormented. When you come into the world, you do but live to die again; when you go out of the world, you do but die to live again. Let not thy thoughts be how thou shalt live here, but how thou shalt live hereafter; mind not the vain pleasures of this world, which are momentary, but rather

pray to God for his grace. *Which of his infinite mercy grant. Amen.*

XX  
*A godly Prayer for a Sick Family.*

O Almighty God and heavenly father, we thy unworthy servants do most humbly and heartily beg of thee to look down with an eye of pity and compassion on these thy poor servants now afflicted with sickness, for their manifold sins and wickedness. We humbly beg of thee to give us patience under our sufferings, and mercifully restore us to our former health, or take us to thy heavenly kingdom, and this we beg through the merits of Jesus Christ, our dear Redeemer. *Amen.*

XX  
*A Morning Prayer for a Person in Sickness.*

O God, the father of all mercies, that has safely brought me to the beginning of this day, I beg of thy most mighty Majesty to have mercy on me now in the time of my sickness; I most humbly beg of thee my most merciful redeemer, to restore me to my perfect health, or take me to thy heavenly kingdom,

where there is rest for evermore; and grant that this day I fall into no sin, nor run into any kind of danger, but that all my doings may be ordered by thy governance, not to do amiss. And this I humbly beg of thy great mercy, to whom with the father and holy spirit, be all praise and power for evermore. *Amen.*

*An Evening Prayer for a sick Person.*

**G**od Almighty, who of thy great mercy has suffered me to live this day out in my sickness, so I humbly beg of thee, O Lord, as thou turnest the day to night, and the darkness to light, so turn my sickness, which now afflicts me into perfect health, that I may live to praise thy most glorious name for all thy great mercies bestowed on me. I return thee most hearty thanks for all the mercies thou hast bestowed on me in my life; and whenever my great change comes, that thou wilt be pleased to take me to thy heavenly kingdom, for the sake and merits of my dear redeemer Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

**F I N I S.**



